see all the little benes of her head and all the little nerves that ran through the gray matter and all the sensations and comments that were being carried along these nerves; but, besides seeing all these things, the eyes seemed at the same time to be looking quite the same time to be looking quite the same time to a point miles and broad miles. the same time to be looking quite through to a point miles and broad miles behind her, so that she was appallingly conscious of the infinitesimal smallness of those afore-mentioned bones and nerves and the utter insignificance of their devices. For the rest—the eyes the property party party cool, very bril. were very gray, very cool, very bril-liant, and—beyond all Miss Benton's

experience of eyes—direct.
Quite involuntarily and before she Cutte involuntarily and before she was conscious of meaning to speak at all, she found herself stammering, "Oh, I beg pardon!"—and it was the first time in her capacity of clerk that she had ever made even a gesture of apology. At the same time she blushed and, dropping her confused gaze, she pushed the hotel register forward, dipped a pen into the ink-well and handed the holder to the owner of the extraordinary eyes. He took it with a certain deliberateness. The hand was brown and well-kept and muscular. It laid hold of the pen and cramped itself awkwardly about it. A sleek head with air of a nondescript sunbleached brown and a pair of powerful shoulders bent over the hand. With a royal disregard for lines, and limitations, the stranger wrote—wrote slowly. tions, the stranger wrote wrote slowly, wrote laboriously, wrote very large. Pascinated by the great expenditure of force in his manipulation of the spluttering pen, the girl followed the sprawling letters with her look-

Q. T. Kinwydden

"Residence?" she murmured. The pen hung for an instant in sus-pense. Then it was hid carefully aside. "If anybody asks you where I come from, lady, you can tell 'em from 'all over the West.' Mariana jumped as the eyes were

raised ugain. "I want a room and a bath, ma'am." water runnin' out of a tap and electric lights you can push on and off with

your trigger finger, savvy?"

The blond elevator boy had moved two or three steps closer. He had prominent eyes, but at the moment they

prominent eyes, but at the moment they were more than prominent. They bulged. His jaw hung loose.

Mariann took down a key. "Room 700. Bill." she said. "The gentleman's bag is over there by the door."

"I'll pack my own stuff, thanks to you just the same," said the new guest. He walked with his bag into the elevator. During the ascent he shut his tyes and clenched his hands; also, he murmured something under his breath.

surmured something under his breath. "What say?" asked the boy. "Nothin' it would do you any good bear, son," was the answer. to hear, son," was the answer.

Bill disembarked on the fourth floor, his passenger stepping out with a ner-vousness exaggerated, it would seem,

for his own private amusement.

Bill gaped and nodded. It's sure wonderful. The long hall was carpeted in worn and faded red, the walls needed re-

papering, the woodwork needed reneeded renovating, and it would not have injured his blondness to shave or to wash back of his ears. The door of Room 90 was opened and a cubic square of stiffly furnished space was offered to Q. T. Kinwydden's occupancy. Where's your baggage, sir?" inquired Bill.

The guest set down his bag in the middle of the brown figured carpet and pointed at it. "Here, "sir," said he. "Your trunks, I mean, sir."

Bill blushed.

"All right, 'sir,' you're sure agoin' capture one. What's this? Two capture one. What's this? Two its? Here you are, son—for your courage and energy in runnin' the buzz-ber."
Bill took the tip and went out. A

his back bair, which needed cutting, and row of white and even teeth. The customer did conduct himself queerly enough in sober truth. He went suickly to the wall near the door after Bill had closed it, and there he pressed first a white button, then a black, studying meanwhile with huge gravity and interest the alternating effect on the globe in the ceiling. He did this about fifty times. Then he sauntered into the bathroom and turned the bathroom a reacher.

tub handle labeled "Hot."

cloud of steam rose he shook his head.
"Never fails!" he muttered. "It's boys," smiled Kinyydden.
"No, that isn't what I mean. I think you'd learn better and quicker.
The left the water running and returned to the bedroom. He raised a green and shabby shade and looked down on the main street of Shyrnerskill (Thank on the m on the main street of Sluypenkill. There was a garage opposite. An automobile stood by the curb. The street was last with hideous square buildings of forms of the street was last with hideous square buildings with hideous squar sprinkling of saloons. Beyond the roofs of the town climbed down to the broad and bright expanse of the Hudson River and up to the base of a round mountain disfigured by a funcular railway.

Across the river there was a larger and coombe?" perhaps an uglier town bristling with factory chimneys and church steeples. Q. T. Kinwydden gazed for a long time et this prospect, ending with a minute crutiny of the nearest saloon, and began to whistle to himself.

'It's a cross between Sugar City and Only Corners—and no compliment to either," he said. He dropped the shade and prepared himself for a bath.

The hours for dinner were printed ca a small card, stuck in the mirror above the dressing table. At about the middle hour Kinwydden appeared in the lobby. He had walked down the stairs.

"Can you tell me, ma'am." he asked.
and this time he had Mariana's prompt and complete atterion, "where's your handlest school?"

She repeated his last three words with "School for learnin'?" he explained curiously.

patiently.

"The—the public school is—is just around the corner, sir,

Newlin Burt

A Queer Customer

MISS MARIANA BENTON, very set there?"

Why—why—" Mariana ran a pencil in and out of her front waves, "see about lessons—? Why, I guess—yes, Miss Sherman would be the one. She's teacher for the third grade. She lives here in the hotel. I'll introduce you to her after dinner. She and Miss Winters sit over in the bay in the dining foom. You'll see them."

But when Q. T. Kinwydden came in the dining room and seated himself modestly and quickly at the nearest empty table, he saw no one but the waitress that advanced upon him—a full young waitress, deep-bosomed and dark-eyed, as unconscious of her beauty, it appears the buzz-box. I'd sure be obliged if "of gazing at the blond feller that runs the buzz-box. I'd sure be obliged if you'd transfer a little of your attention to me."

At this she did—meaning to look the speaker over at her leisure. But she stopped at his eyes. They seemed to see all the little bones of her head and all its lines and contours of vulgarity, subdued its vivid tints to a veiled mysterious glamour of remoteness.

"Fetch me anything you like; I'll take it lyin' down."

She brought him a plate of cold, thin

were weapons in his armory.

Kinwydden lingered over his mea! until the school teachers had finished

theirs. As they passed his table, he rippled quickly to his feet.

"Ma'am," he said.

They both stopped and they both crimsoned. The head waiter circled

reimsoned. The head waiter circled nearer, making little buzzing sounds of vexation in his throat.
"Which of you is schoolmarm for the third grade?" asked Kinwydden gently. His respect for them was so great and so apparent that Miss Sherman recovered her self-possession and smiled.

"I am." she said. "Can I do any-"Yes, ma'am. I'm seeking information about school learnin'.'
Both ladies looked surprised. ''Come

Into the sitting room out here," said Miss Sherman. "You come, too, blease, Miss Winters. Now"—as they all three entered the stiff and varnished

he said in his gentlest voice

He paused. Neither of his listeners "Geography and history and poetry and literature-

"Languages alive and dead." he concluded. Miss Sherman drew a long breath. Miss Winters had walked rather quickly "Does she stay there till you get back?" he asked, eyeing the elevator as one eyes a fascinating enemy.

Miss Winters had walked rather quickly over to a window and turned her face away. Miss Sherman took two steps sideways and sideways and sat down. She motioned Q. T. Kinwydden to another chair and striled at him. Her dimples deepened. "Now I think I understand," she

"You have a son--said. "No, ma'am. I'm a bachelor. Musi you be a married man to get in?" "Oh—Oh, no! You mean—you really mean. Mr.—er—"

mean. Mr .- er-

"Kinwydden."
"Kinwydden."
"Kinwydden. Q. T. Kinwydden." "Mr. Kinwydden, you mean-yourself?

'Yes, ma'am. "You mean you want to enter the public school to study all those subjects?"

"I'm agoin' out to catch me up a tronk after supper, 'sir.' He looked at Bill. "You waitin' for a tip, 'sir?"

Yes, ma'am.' He was leaning forward slightly, his elbows on his knees, his eyes lifted anxiously to her. "Ain't it respirable?"

it possible?" he asked.
"Why—I don't know. Mr.—er—"
"Kinwydden. I sometimes wish it
was easier myself. It ain't rightly mine. It was wished onto me." smile was by far the most disarming movement that Miss Sherman had ever novel sensation of shame possessed him, seen on any human countenance. It He wished he hadn't taken the tip, but broke up the rather set and grim gravity he could not understand the cause of his face, took a dozen hard years for so inexplicable a wish. Bill rubbed from his age, and showed a pleasant went into the elevator. "Queer cus-tomer." he said and sucked in his lips. like the laying by of a piece of defensive armor, perhaps the lifting of a visor.
"Well, Mr. Kinwydden, it might be

possible. But I really wouldn't advise it. I surmise you have not been able to complete your education?" "I haven't been able to begin it.

"Well, it seems to me better, if you can afford it, to take private lessons

When a "Oh. I ain't afeared of the little

"Mine won't, ma'am. It'll be all slide rock and down timber to me-

"But if it's going to be harder for frame and brick, small hardware, dry you than for a child, then even more goods and stationers' shops, a liberal advisable I should think it for you to have a private tutor-or -a sudden illumination brightened her kind and

There was a sudden silence in the room. On Miss Winter's part it was caused by her view of Kinwydden's face, which had turned white. Before she spoke, it blazed.

"Miss Heloise Grinscoombe?" he usked slowly.

There was a flurry of apology. Oh, no. indeed. Of course not! Indeed. Not Miss Heluise Grinscoombe. Not Miss Selda Grinscoombe's adopted niece. Not the Miss Grinscoombe out at Grinsoombe Manor. No. No. No. Hardly would she be looking for a

pupil. "My mistake," said the inquirer. His glow had left him and he had lowered his eyes. "I didn't know there was two of 'em." "But you know the Miss Grins-coombe?" Miss Winters questioned Miss Winters questioned

CONTINUED TOMORROW Copyright, 1972, by Kutharias Newton Burt THE GUMPS-Salt on the Wound



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Grand Chorus

I'M WILLIN' TO TES, YES - BUT BUT VENUS I WONT MIX IN THIS VACATION STUFF: I WON'T IF I GO ACT REASONABLE YOU SEE I WANT LATER -BUT -TO GO TO THE SAY WHO GOES FIRST ! NOT ME! IM WISE MOUNTAINS-AND MOW LISTEN. NOT THAT I LIDE -LET EM DECIDE IT WANT TO AMONG THEMSELVES DISTURB

EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JULY 31,



By Hayward E Patent Office AUGUST

The Young Lady Across the Way



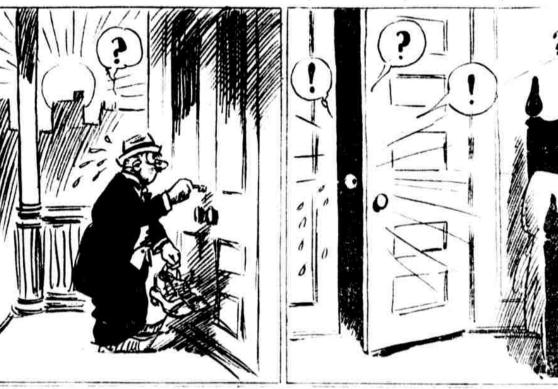
The young lady across the way says she always sympathizes with the young pitcher who goes into an important game confidently and succeed in allowing a

TOMBOY TAYLOR By FONTAINE FOX " I'LL HOP OFF BEFORE SHE RUNS AS FAR AS THE GUTTER TOMBOY TAYLOR WAS JUST ABOUT TO SHOW THE LITTLE JONES BOYS WHAT SHE THOUGHT WOULD BE AN EASY WAY TO CUT THE GRASS ON THAT STEEP SLOPE.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG THIS AINT MY DOG! SAY! YOU DON'T SPOZE I'D OWN A DOG LINE THIS , DO WOUT DIME TO AND SHE GIMME A DIME! EXERCISE IT. YOU DIG FO PASTE YOU IN A 1144

PETEY—It Gets to Be a Habit







GET A SLANT AT THAT BIRD.

GOOD CATCH!

MRS. BLOSSOM. ITS OL' JAKE

